

# THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS—\$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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No. 8.

## PROFESSIONAL.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Ocean Springs, Miss.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ocean Springs and surrounding country. Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

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SURGEON DENTIST,  
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Having located permanently, respectfully tenders his services to the people of Biloxi, and surrounding country. All work done in accordance with the latest improvements, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,  
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Will practice wherever he may have business. Will give special attention to Collections and Chancery business; such as settling Estates, examining Land Titles and giving Legal Opinions, "quieting" Titles to Land, obtaining Divorces, &c.

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Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

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Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present at Pass Christian.

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Office and residence near the Seashore Hotel, residences and post-office.

**F. N. Blount, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.

Office—On Pascagoula street, opposite the railroad crossing. Scranton, Hours: 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. Residence at the Seashore.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**B. TUCI,**

**BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.**  
Corner Pass Christian Road & Delaney St.,  
Biloxi, Miss.

Offers his services to the public as a first-class Boot and Shoe Maker. All styles and prices. A perfect fit guaranteed. Repairing a specialty.  
Nov. 4, 1877. 26-ly

**JOS. & PH. KOTZUM,**  
**MACHINIST,**  
OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.

He will repair all kinds of Fire-arms, Sewing Machines, and general Blacksmith work done on short notice.  
Also pays the highest cash prices for WOOL, RESSWAX, HIDES, FURS, IRON, BRASS, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC AND OLD IRON.  
Has on hand Cook Stoves, which he will sell at New Orleans prices.  
April 26, 1878. 5-6m

**A. J. RAMSAY & CO.,**  
STONEWALL, MISS.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN  
Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing,  
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hardware, etc.  
The highest cash price paid for WOOL, and all country produce.  
April 19, 1878. 4-6m

**THE SEA-BREEZE**  
**Exchange,**  
PASCAGOULA, MISS.

**R. P. & J. S. Black, Prop'rs.**  
The most complete and thoroughly equipped establishment in the city. The very purest and choicest DOMESTIC and IMPORTED Wines, Brandy, Rum, Gin, Whisky, Champagne, Ale, Beer, Porter, Scotch, Cordials, Mineral Water, etc., kept constantly on hand.  
No better or purer liquors can be obtained. Visit the Sea Breeze and see for yourself.  
Oct. 12-77-ly.

**RAPAL SANCHO, NICHOLAS TALTAVULL,**  
**Sancho & Taltavull,**  
Biloxi, Miss.

There is also attached to this establishment  
AN ELBAST SODA WATER AND ICE CREAM SALOON.  
The public is respectfully invited to give a call.  
All orders for Balls, Parties, Soirees, etc., attended to on short notice, and at moderate prices.  
April 19, 1878. 4-6m

## THE COURTS.

### REGULAR TERMS.

**CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.**  
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge.  
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.

In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Wayne, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Jackson on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Harrison on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Perry, on the third Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

**CHANCERY COURT—THIRTH DISTRICT.**  
GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the second Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Pearl, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday in May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**ALL KINDS OF**  
**BOOK AND JOB**  
**PRINTING**  
**EXECUTED AT THE**  
**DEMOCRAT-STAR**  
**Printing Office.**

**RED STORE**  
—AT—  
**PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.**  
**CHEAP FOR CASH.**

Largest Assortment and Cheapest Prices on the Coast.

The Red Store will take Cotton at the highest market price, in trade, or for the cash, or will ship the same to New Orleans, for parties and advance for about its value, and pay the balance on receipt of account sales.

WOOL, GAME, HIDES, TALLOW, WAX, &c., &c., taken alive, and goods sold as cheap as ever. Call and see for yourself at **JORDY'S RED STORE.**  
May 30, 1877. 2-ly

**C. & N. Butcher,**  
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.,  
DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS,  
Plaster, Cement, Laths, Nails, &c., &c., always on hand.  
June 30, 1877. 8-ly

**Private Boarding at**  
**ROSEDALE,**  
Bay St. Louis, Miss.

The Rosedale House, Bay St. Louis, which was destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt and is now open for the reception of visitors. No pains or expense will be spared to keep Rosedale up to its usual standard. Families will find all the comforts of a home and the best table the market can afford.

Mrs. ELLEN ULMAN.  
June 30, 1877. 8-ly

**Tailor Shop,**  
LAMUNE ST., BILLOXI, MISS.,  
**F. CARAU,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Will keep on hand a small stock of ready made clothing.  
May 13, 1878. 50-ly

**JOHN A. JANSSEN,**  
FREIGHT BROKER,  
62 Beaver St., New York.

Orders for timber vessels to arrive promptly attended to.

**PASS CHRISTIAN HOUSE,**  
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

Is now open for the reception of transient or permanent boarders. This House is situated on the front, commanding a fine view of the Lake. All the comforts of a home, and the table supplied with the best of everything. Board \$2 a day, best of everything. Board \$2 a day, best of everything.  
O. PEASLEE, Proprietor.  
April 19, 1878. 1-6m

## UNNUMBERED GRAVES.

Yon hillside with its shafts of gleaming white,  
Bathed in the glory of the setting sun,  
Holds many a grave where hidden from our sight,  
Some loved one sleeps, life's toil and labor done.

But there are graves over whose slumbering mould  
No polished marble rears its stately head,  
And where no fragrant flowers above unfold  
To wakeen pity for the quiet dead.

There are the graves deep down within our hearts,  
Where lie the hopes and dreams of early years,  
Buried from sight, but signaled by such marks  
As only can be made by blood and tears.

Some early love that crowned us in our youth,  
And made life glorious for a short sweet hour,  
Some cherished promise, robbed of strength and truth,  
Crushed in the morning of its new-born power.

Here is the spot where memory has engraven  
The form and face of one we called a friend,  
One for whose welfare we would e'en have braved  
Censure and heartache to the bitter end.

But 'twas not wisely done and so we draw  
Before the treachery of the smiling eyes  
A heavy veil. The cold world if it saw,  
Would proffer pity in a thousand lies.

So life goes on. We lay the forms away  
Of things we loved not woeily but too well,  
And in the lapse of years we learn to stay  
The fretful chanting of their funeral knell.

We learn to smile, before the smiling throng,  
Although the adder's fangs be deeply set,  
And join, perhaps, our voices in the song,  
To soothe the pain we never can forget.

And thus we learn to envy the calm rest  
Of those who sleep beneath the silent sod,  
Bound with life's galling chains, we know  
'Tis best to bend our heads and pass beneath the rod.

And when we see some mourners heavy clad  
In robes of black, haggard with tear-dimmed eye,  
We know their lives would be more bright and glad  
Could they but reason—it is life to die.

Mourn not the slumbering dead, but rather say,  
Blessed are the sleepers. Years may come and go;  
Heads that are brown and gold may turn to gray;  
But they are done with earth and tears and woe.

Somewhere, we know, beyond the world of stars,  
They will at last have found sweet Lethe's stream;  
Some time we'll meet them at God's judgment bar,  
Where life is love, and love one long, true dream.

—Ogden Freeman

## UNDER THE LILACS.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

Sunny South.

Dorothy West leaned over the garden gate, in the twilight, softly humming to herself; her blue eyes anxiously watching the road stretching out to the distant village.

"Why don't Tom come?" she exclaimed at last, impatiently. "Guess he's gone a courting another gal!" piped a shrill voice at her elbow.

A grave, quaint, old-fashioned face peered into hers; a queer little old man, of six or thereabouts, with solemn, owlish eyes, and a tow-head, surmounted by a brimless straw hat.

"What do you want, Billy?" Billy's face brightened a trifle.

"Want you, sister Dorrie; want you to come with me?"

"But, I can't go child; I'm busy—I'm—"

"Sister Dorrie; don't you know it is wicked to tell wrong stories? Now, don't you remember the time I stole the jam, and told you I didn't; how awful mad you was, and how you scolded me, and how that liars always went to Sulphur lake?"

"Sulphur lake!" echoed Dorrie. "Yes, you know; the lake where all sulphur and brimstone, and there ain't no heaven, and little angels, with wings and things?"

"Billy! you bad child, you mustn't talk in that way! I'll have to tell mother!"

"You do, and you'll be sorry, that's all! For I shan't tell you what I come to tell you!"

"I don't care to hear it!" Do ran away, Billy; that's a good child! I want to be alone; be-sides, it's getting late, and will soon be your bed time. Run in to mother, do!"

Slowly, the little fellow moved away, in reluctant obedience. Half way up the long walk that led to

the porch of the old farm house he paused.

"Jolly! Women never will take advice! I'll run and tell Tom she won't come. My eyes! won't there be a row?"

He trotted off in the direction of the orchard, some distance from the house. Just at the outskirts of the orchard, a half dozen huge lilacs grew, loading the air with sweetness. Here on a rustic seat, sat a young man in an attitude of expectancy—a young man with a noble face, and grave, earnest eyes. He sprang to his feet, as the child drew near.

"Wouldn't she come?" he cried in a tone of disappointment.

"Says she's busy," answered the little mischief-maker, demurely. "Wouldn't budge an inch—for me."

Tom Willis sat down and covered his face with his hands. Twilight deepened its gray shadows; the night birds chirped in the lilacs.

"I wonder if she's offended because I sent the request for her to come out here," he soliloquized at last. "Billy, if I give you a note for your sister, will you deliver it at once?"

"Yes, o'course I'll liver it to her—why not?"

He thrust both hands into his pockets with a ludicrous assumption of gravity.

"I'd go into the house and see her," continued Tom, "but I can't after such a cold message as that! Perhaps when she hears that I'm going away, she'll change her mind."

He hastily tore a leaf from his note book, and in the gathering twilight scribbled these words:

"Dorrie, dear Dorrie, Forgive my presumption in asking you to meet me under the lilacs to-night. But I fancied you might come, and listen! Dorrie, it was to tell you good bye—for I start to-morrow for Florida. I received the letter late last night and must go at once. It's a fine chance, and when I return, I'll be able to ask a certain question, of the sweetest girl I know. If she will give me one little ray of hope to carry with me—send a line to the postoffice to-morrow morning. I leave at 9 o'clock.

Yours, forever, Tom."

He folded the hurried scrawl and laid it in the chubby hand, together with a bright silver half dollar.

"For me!" shrieked Billy, in delight.

"For you, Billy, I'm going away to-morrow, don't forget me when I am gone."

"You bet."

Billy thrust the note vehemently away down into his gaping pocket, and the silver followed in its wake.

"There," he ejaculated, with great satisfaction, "that's safe. Well, Tommy, I'm off—good-bye."

"Good-bye, Billy. Shall I see you back to the house?"

"Thank you, Mr. Willis," responded the mite, with dignity, "a man can take care of himself."

He trudged off as he spoke. Tom watched the childish form until it disappeared among the trees. Darkness had now fallen over everything; the night birds had ceased their chirping; a voice in the distance called anxiously:

"Billy, Billy, where are you, child?"

It was Dorrie.

"What a fuss, to make about nothing!" piped Billy, suddenly making his appearance on the wide porch, where the family had assembled, in search of the little truant.

"Can't a feller take a walk by hisself 'bout all this row?"

"Not such a wee man, as you," answered his father—a kindly-faced old farmer, as he seized his young hopeful by the arm, not roughly, though; for they were never rough with Billy. He was such an odd mixture of gravity and comicality, sense and nonsense, that he was a general favorite.

"I'm out putty late," observed Billy, gravely, "but 'twont happen no more. Sister Dorrie, I think I'll go to bed, now."

Dorrie arose from her low seat, on the porch. Her face was very pale, and there was a drawn look about her pretty mouth.

Tom's non-appearance troubled her, and she was talking the disappointment hard. Billy began to feel a little uneasy. Child, as he was, he knew that in withholding Tom's message, from his sister, he had not done right. That which he had at first, intended as a childish joke, began to assume larger proportions.

The child was not bad—only wayward, and passionately fond of teasing, and he resolved to set wrong right.

As soon as Dorrie had accompanied him to the nursery, and prepared to assist him in process of disrobing, he put his hand into his pocket.

"I'll give her the letter, now—to make up for my badness," he said to himself "but I must tease her a little, first."

He thrust both hands into his pockets. What! Nothing there! The letter and his bright, new silver piece gone! It did not seem possible, but diligent search proved that it was too true. Billy felt ready to cry, but manfully restrained his emotion.

"I won't tell her, to-night," he

said mentally. "To-morrow morning I'll go out early and hunt the letter up."

He stifled his impulse to make a clean breast of the whole matter, and was soon sleeping the sleep of the just.

About midnight that night somebody rapped loudly at the door of Dorrie's room. It roused her from a troubled slumber.

"Who's there?" she said. Her mother's voice answered:

"Get up Dorrie—right off! Billy's got the croup, the worst way. Come down and help me. Oh! I don't know what I shall do."

Dorrie was out of bed and had a wrapper on before the sentence was finished. She hastened to the nursery. Poor little Billy!

All night long Dorrie watched over the child; all that human power could do, was done. Ever and anon the sufferer made frantic efforts to speak. There was evidently something on his mind.

Dorrie's heart ached at his desperate attempts to unburden it.

"Never mind, darling," she said soothingly, stooping over the little form, "tell sister in the morning."

But alas, when morning came the roguish eyes were closed; the little hands were folded from their play, forevermore; the restless feet were still, for all time; Billy, the household pet and torment; the youngest of the flock, was dead.

It was a heavy blow, but that was not the worst that Dorrie had to bear, for before noon of that day, she received the news of Tom Willis' departure for Florida, for an indefinite stay. It was the last drop in her overflowing cup.

Time passed slowly by. The lilacs were in bloom again; and Dorrie had never heard a word from the absent one.

"Tom Willis got home last night!" said her father at breakfast, one morning; "wonderfully improved, too. How fond he used to be of Billy—poor little Billy!"

His voice choked. Dorrie arose from the table and went out doors away down to where the lilacs were filling the air with fragrance. She sat down on the rustic seat; her head resting on her hands. She had not sat there for many months.

What was that shining amid the moss and grass, at her feet? Mechanically, she stooped, and found a silver half dollar.

Her eyes caught the gleam of something white, fluttering at the roots of the lilacs. She drew it forth: torn and wind-tossed, stained and defaced; the letter had reached its owner, at last. The silver piece and the note had merely passed through one of the apertures in Billy's pocket, and landing on the ground, had remained safely housed from storm and tempest, amid the twigs and roots, at the foot of the lilac tree.

With a fast beating heart, Dorrie opened the half effaced epistle, and slowly read the contents. Hark! A quick step sounded on the grass near her, and a hand put aside the branches of the lilac.

"Dorrie?"

"Tom?"

"I ventured to call," Tom said; hesitatingly, though he still held his hand in his, "and your mother said, that—you were out here—some place."

She held up the soiled letter.

"What does this mean?" said Dorrie.

"Tom's eyes flashed.

"I found it there," continued Dorrie, growing very pale. "There is a great mistake somewhere, Tom—have you changed your mind?"

For answer, he spread his arms, and Dorrie crept within their shelter. And so, under the lilacs, they were reunited, never to part again.

## A Mississippi Invention.

M. P. L. writing to the Baptist Record at Clinton, has the following to say of a war gun recently invented by a Mississippian: Dr. A. H. McAllister, of Cotton Plant, Miss., the inventor of the noted safety Whiffletree, has patented a war gun that I think is superior to any implement of carnal warfare that has ever been invented.

The Washington Post of the 30th ult., has the following note in regard to it: "Col. A. H. McAllister, of Mississippi, has on exhibition at the capital a new machine-gun which he has just patented. Four men can work the gun, and it will discharge 4,000 balls per minute."

I examined the model before the doctor went to Washington with it, and think the invention fully warrants the statement of the Post, extravagant as it seems to be.

## A Pretty Concert.

Paris Fashion Letter.  
The only novelty in dress introduced at the last Queen's drawing-room which is likely to be taken up—for I do not count one noble woman's golden sandals set with gems as likely to start a fashion—is the jardiniere, a silver filagree basket filled with flowers, fast on the side next the form and hung from the waist like a chateleine bag.

A glass lining permits this to be filled with water, in which the flowers keep fresh for many hours.

## An Old Mississippi Home.

Natchez Democrat.

We paid a visit on Sunday last to our friend, Col. J. F. H. Claiborne, at Dunbarton, his residence, ten miles from Natchez in the Forks of Second creek on the Liberty road, the old Indian path from Fort Rosalie to Pensacola. This tract of land was settled in 1804 by the late Wm. Dunbar (father of Mrs. Claiborne) and has been in continuous cultivation ever since. Every thing about it speaks of the olden time. The mansion was built in 1810 of yellow poplar and ash, every foot of the material being saved out by hand, and is still perfectly sound and thoroughly preserved. And so with the numerous offices and outbuildings about it. The large and beautiful yard is filled with enormous pecan trees, planted sixty years ago, and gigantic red oak, the primitive Titans of our forest, but now rarely seen except on these ancient homesteads. The large, old fashioned garden, the first land cleared on the premises is embellished with evergreens, shrubbery, roses, flowers, vines, and as luxuriant a crop of vegetables as we have ever seen. No one after a visit to Dunbarton will care about seeking a new country.

"There is life in the old land yet," the plantation is cultivated on the tenant system, chiefly by persons born on the place and in the vicinity, and the average yield is about 1,000 pounds of cotton to the acre, with a portion of the land in corn, cow peas, potatoes, etc.

Extensive Bermuda grass pastures support cattle, sheep and hogs in fine condition. No fertilizers are purchased for this place, the farm and stock supplying abundant material. Mr. Logan, the intelligent superintendent, in charge of Dunbarton for ten years, showed us a lot of early bald or beardless winter wheat which will soon be ready to grain. Next season he proposes to have it in market by the 1st of May. His oats are finely headed and nearly ready to cut.

Among the most interesting souvenirs at Dunbarton is "Prentiss Lodge," a neat cottage some fifty yards from the mansion, occupied for twelve months by the late S. S. Prentiss just before he commenced his brilliant professional and political career. It is now used by Col. Claiborne as his study, and is literally crowded with chests, shelves and tables filled with books, old maps, papers and documents, in French, Spanish and English. Col. Claiborne tells us that his great difficulty now is to condense and select from this vast accumulation for his history—that he has enough for a dozen volumes.

## Drummers.

Vicksburg Commercial.

The question as to the advantages derived from the employment of drummers was practically tested by a firm in Georgia recently. The firm resolved to test the drumming business, and to this end they divided the territory of their trade into equal parts. One partner to drum in one part and the other partner to remain at home and obtain trade from his section by means of advertising in newspapers, circulars, etc., the result of which was the latter turned over seventy-five per cent. of his sales and paid twenty-five per cent.